

Good Riddance, More Depalma, Less Fellini

Here I am drunk at 3 AM
Got my second bottle down
I got 12 to 15 pages
of my desperation
Cold I feel so poor and old
And I'm maddened for your flesh
But my bodys broken down
In the fading twilight

I will find a way
Im gonna find a way
While the fear of wasted years
Keeps laughing just behind

Alone no one will stay with me
No an angel of despair
To watch me as I rot

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And the radio keeps playing
Down for days I make no sound
Soon the rats and carrion
Will rip the flesh away
From legs and wrists and head

I make promises that I'd never describe
This sense of waiting out the end
So pour another glass
And one more virgin page
just might get lucky
And maybe I'll get good
at 3am
So here I am